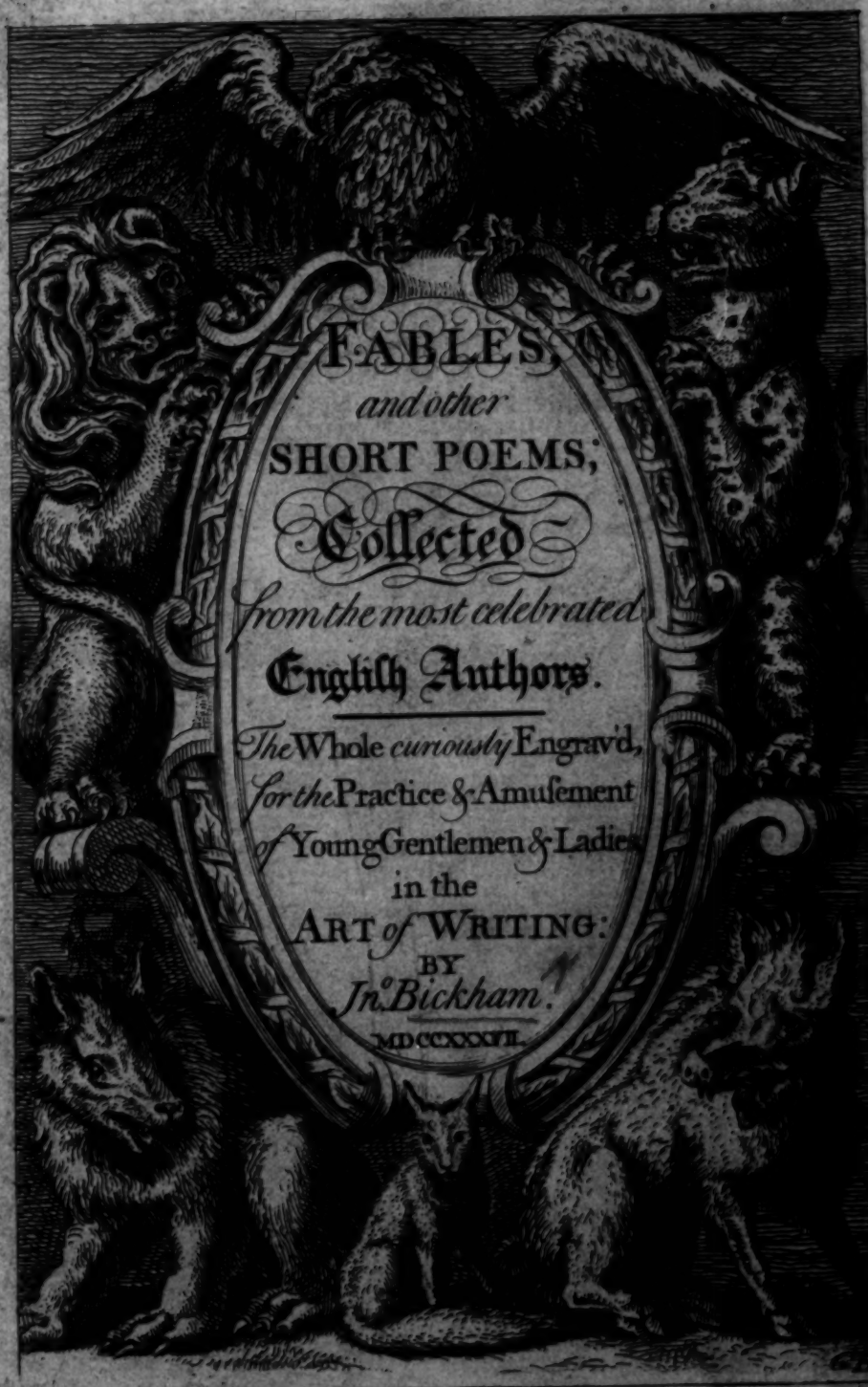
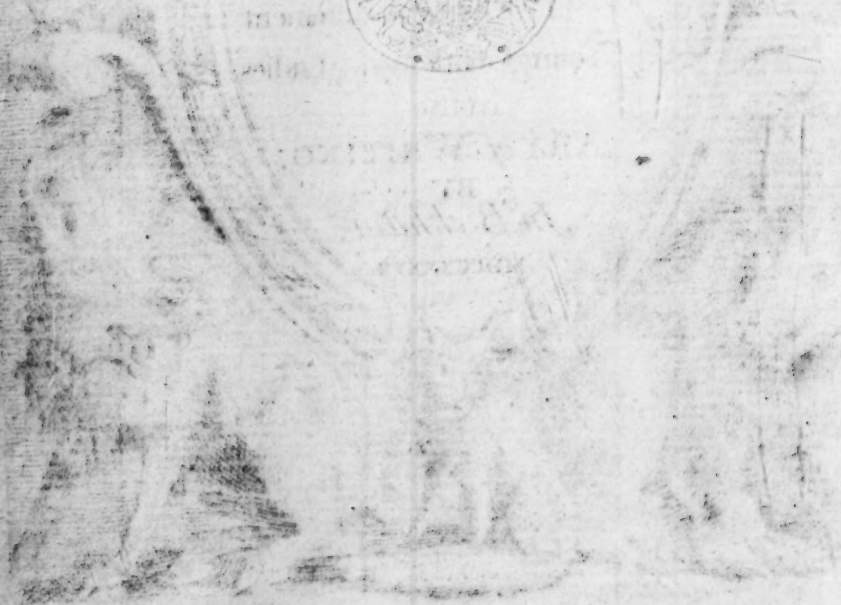


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at the Printing-Office in Bow Church-Yard London.
where may be also had Curiously Engrav'd by the
same Hand, the second and third Vols:

BRITISH MUSEUM



On the Beauty of Fable, *Extracted from the* SPECTATOR, by WAY of PREFACE.

There is nothing which we receive with so much reluctance as Advice. We look upon the Man who gives it us, as offering an Affront to Our Understanding. We consider the instruction as an implicit Censure, & the Zeal which any One shews for our Good on such an Occasion, as a piece of Presumption or Impertinence.

For these Reasons, there is Nothing so difficult as the Art of making Advice agreeable. How many Devices have both Antient & Modern writers made use of, to render this bitter potion palatable? Some convey their Instructions to us in the best chosen words; others in ye most Harmonious Numbers; some in points of Wit; & others in short Proverbs.

But amongst all the different ways of giving Counsel, I think ye finest, & that which pleases the most Universally, is FABLE, *in whatsoever Shape it Appears. This way of Instruction excells all others; because it is the least Shocking, & the least Subject to Exception.*

Upon Reading of a Fiction, we are made to believe we Advise our Selves. We peruse the Author for ye sake of the Story, & consider the Precepts, rather as our own Conclusions, than his Instructions. This Obligue manner of giving Advice is so inoffensive, that we find the Wise Men of Old very often chose to give Counsel to their Kings in FABLE.

The Moral, in short, of an Allegorical Performance insinuates its Self imperceptibly; we are taught by Surprize; and become Wiser & better unawares.

BRITISH
MUSEUM

FABLE I.



W. Kent Jr. G. Bickham Jr.

The PHILOSOPHER, and SHEPHERD.

Long liv'd a Swain in high Renown
For Wisdom, far remote from Town.
A Hoary Sage his Cottage Sought,
And wondred at his Reach of Thought.
Say, Shepherd, say, he cry'd, from whence
Thy Judgment and Superior Sence?
Hast thou with Books familiar been?
Or hast thou Study'd Arts and Men?
The Swain reply'd, with Modest Air,
Our rural toils are all my Care.

No



BRITISH
8 DE 73
MUSEUM

No Authors have my Soul refin'd,—
Nor have I ever read Mankind.
What little judgment I have gain'd,
From Simple Nature I have drain'd.
By Her, I've all my Actions weigh'd,
And always her Commands Obey'd.
Her Laws alone, if well pursu'd,—
Will make Men Wise, as well as Good.



BRITISH
8 DE 73
MUSEUM

Moral Sentences.

Immodest words admit of no defence;
For want of decency is want of Sense.

From follies past no Counsels can arise,
But a just caution to become more Wise.

Children, like tender Oziers, take the bow,
And, as they first are fashion'd, always grow.

In Spite of all the Virtue Women boast,
The fair One that deliberates is lost.

In fairest Meadows dangrous adders lie,
And most deceit is clad in Flattery.

The fairest Virtues never shine so bright,
As when true Modesty Obscures their Light.

Ill habits Gather by unseen degrees;
As brooks make rivers, rivers swell to Seas.

BRITISH
MUSEUM

FABLE II.



The Lyon, the Tyger, & the Traveller.

A Tyger, in pursuit of prey,
Seiz'd COLIN, as he Sleeping lay;
To his Defence a Lyon flies,
And at his feet the Tyger dies.
Sire, Say'd y^e^ Swain, your Rage Confine.
And to your Courage Mercy join.
Tho' Tyrants keep the World in Awe,
And make their boundless Will their Law;
Still they're the Objects of our Hate
The Prince that's good, is only Great.



BRITISH MUSEUM
8 DE 73

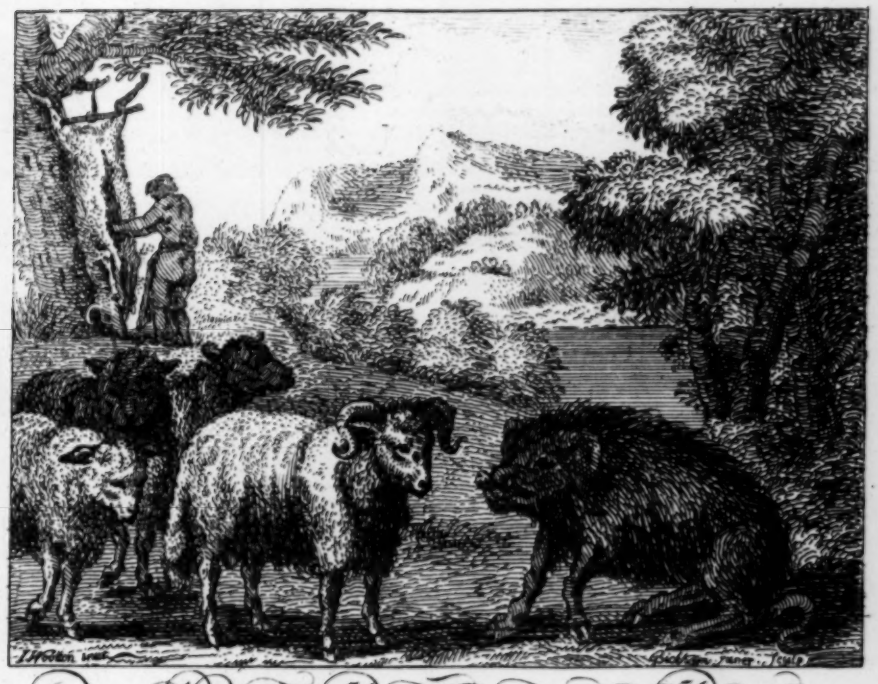
Moral Precepts.

Quickly lay hold of time, while in Your powr;
Be careful well to Husband every Hour.
Despair of Nothing which You would attain;
Unwearyd diligence Your point will gain.

Delays are dangerous; take a Friend's advice;
Begin, be bold, and Venture to be Wise.
He, who defers this Work from Day to Day,
Does on a River's Bank expecting Stay,
Till ye whole Stream which stopt him should be gone,
Which as it Runs, forever will run on.

Let modest Silence be Your chiefest care
In all Your conversation: and beware
Of being over-talkative; and Shun
That lewd, perpetual Motion of the Tongue;
That Itch of Speaking much; and be content
That Your discourse, tho' Short, be pertinent.

FABLE III.



The Wild Boar, & the Ram.

Fast to an Elm a Lamb was ty'd;
In sight of all the Flock, she dy'd.
See! See the Butcher is in View,
Cry'd a Wild Boar! Revenge; pursue.
No, Sir, reply'd an Ancient Ram,
We are by Nature mild and tame.
We have no Tusks, like you, to kill;
We bear with Patience every ill:
But when the helpless are Oppress'd,
Their Wrongs are by the GODS redress'd.

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MUSEUM

On Liberty.

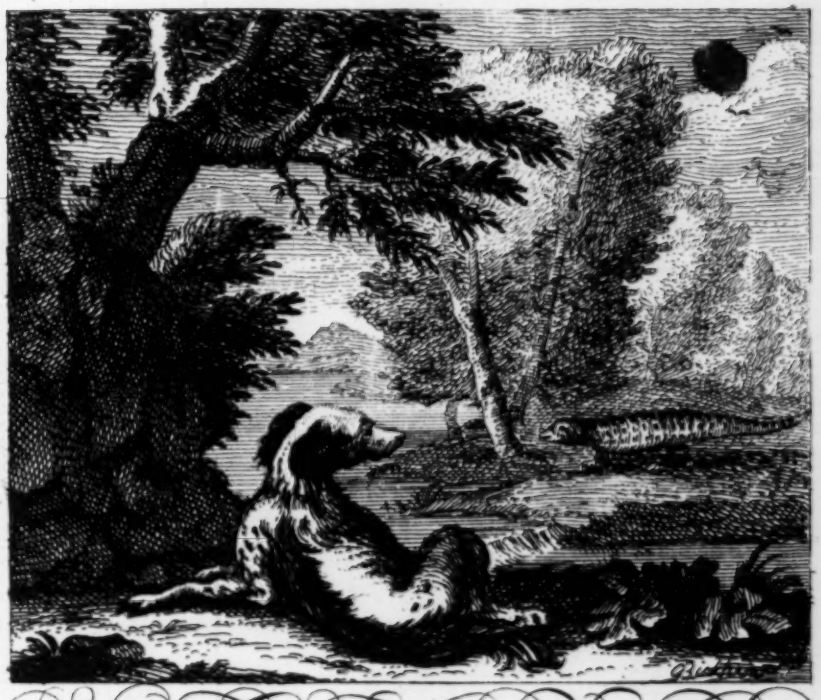
Oh Liberty! thou Goddess heavinly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight:
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train!
Eas'd of her Load, Subjection grows more light,
And Poverty looks chearful in thy sight.
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of Nature gay,
Giv'st Beauty to ye Sun, and pleasure to ye Day.

Adrian's Address *to his* Departing Soul.

Imitated by Mr. Prior.

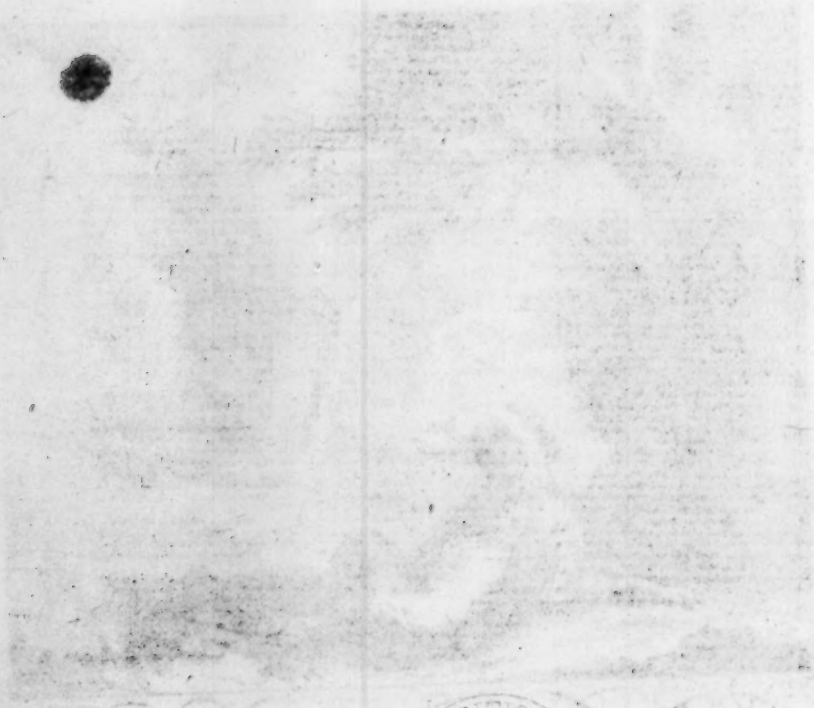
Poor, little, pretty, Fluttring Thing,
Must we no longer Live together?
And dost thou prune thy trembling Wing,
To take thy Flight, thou know'st not whither?

Thy humorous Vein, thy pleasing Folly,
Lyes all neglected, all forgot:
And pensive, wav'ring, melancholy,
Thou dread'st & hop'st, thou know'st not what.



The Spaniel, & the Cameleon.

A Spaniel, very pert and gay,
Goes Out to take the Air One day;
And, as he round the Meadow flies,
On a Cameleon casts his Eyes.
Lord! Sir, says he, that Shape, that Mien,
Should no where but at Court be seen!
A Courtier's Life long Since I try'd,
Like you, I flatter'd, fawn'd and Ly'd.
But Lying is a Sneeking Vice,
And the Sure Mark of Cowardice.



BRITISH MUSEUM

To Mrs. Biddy Floyd.

When Cupid did his Grandsire Jove intreat,
To form some Beauty by a new Receipt,
Jove sent, and found, far in a Country scene,
Truth, Innocence, Good-nature, look serene;
From which ingredients, first ye dextrous Boy
Pick't ye Demure, the Aukward, and the Coy;
The Graces from ye Court did next provide
Breeding, and Wit, & Air, and decent Pride;
These Venus cleans'd from every spurious grain
Of Nice, Coquet, Affected, Pert, and Vain.
Jove mixd up all, & his best Clay imployd;
Then call'd ye happy composition Floyd.

On the Invention of Writing.

Great was that Genius, most sublime that thought,
Which first the Curious Art of Writing taught;
This Image of the Voice did Man Invent,
To make thought lasting, Reason permanent;
Whose Softest notes with Secrecy can Roll,
To Spread deep Mysteries from Pole to Pole.

FABLE V.



The EAGLE, & the Assembly of ANIMALS.

As JOVE his lower World Survey'd,
Strange Murmurs did his Ears invade.
The Fishes long'd the Plains to graze;
The Beasts, to Skim along the Seas.
He calls his Eagle. Tell those Creatures,
They have free Choice to change their Natures.
Downwards he flies, proclaims aloud,
His high Commission to the Crowd.
They all Stand Mute.—What! none Consent!
For shame go home, and Live Content.



BRITISH
8 DEC 73
MUSEUM

The MALECONTENTS; OR, THE MORAL to the LADLE. by Mr. Prior.

This Commoner has Worth and Parts;
Is prais'd for Arms, or lov'd for Arts:
His Head akes for a Coronet;
And who is Bless'd, that is not Great?
Some Sense, and more Estate, kind Heav'n
To this well-lotted Peer has giv'n:
What then? He must have Rule & Sway;
And all is wrong, till He's in Play.
The Miser must make up his Plumb;
And dares not touch the hoarded Sum.
The sickly Dotard wants a Wife,
To draw off his last Dregs of Life.
Against our Peace we arm our Will:
Amidst our Plenty, Something still
For Horses, Houses, Pictures, Planting,
To Thee, to Me, to Him is wanting.
That cruel Something, unpossess'd,
Corrodes, and levens all the rest.
That Something if we could obtain,
Would soon create a future Pain:
And to the Coffin, from the Cradle,
Tis all a Wish, and all a Ladle.

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B. DE73
MUSEUM

FABLE VI.



The Miser, and Plutus.

The Miser starts, and trembling stares.
Wak'd with imaginary fears.
Soon Qualms arise, with anxious pain.
He thinks on his ill-gotten gain.
For Thee, he cryes, accurs'd Gold.—
My Honours lost, my Virtue Sold.—
Plutus appears.—why thus Abus'd?—
Thus curs'd, thus falsely, I, accus'd?—
Know, Riches, on the Good bestow'd,
Are Blessings, worthy of a God.—

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8 DE 73
MUSEUM

The Difference between VERTUE and VICE.

Vertue's a Native Rectitude of Mind,—
Vice, the Degeneracy of Human-kind;—
Vertue is Wisdom Solid and Divine;—
Vice is all Fool without, & Knave within:
Vertue is Honour circumscribd by grace;—
Vice is made up of every thing that's base:—
Vertue has secret Charms which all Men love,
And those that do not choose her, yet approve:
Vice, like ill Pictures, which offend the Eye,—
Make those that made them their own works deny:
Vertue's the Health and Vigour of yᵉ Soul;
Vice is the soul Disease infects the whole:—
Vertue's the Friend of Life, yᵉ Soul of Health,
The Poor Man's Comfort, & yᵉ Rich Man's wealth.

BOSTON
S. LE73
MUSEUM

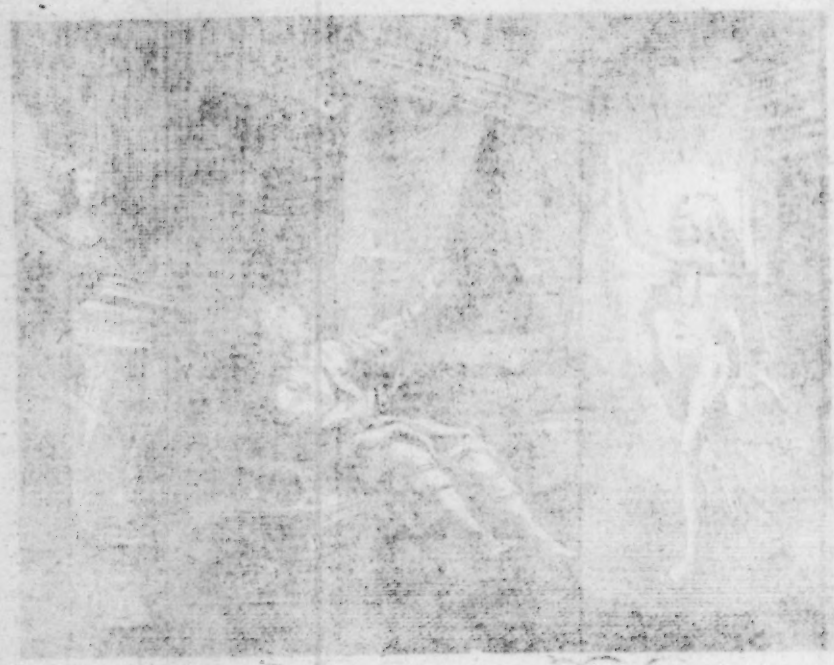


FABLE VII.



The Universal Apparition.

As a Young Rake repentant sat,—
Deploring his Unhappy Fate,——
The Phantom CARE thus Spoke. Be wise,
And Health above thy Pleasure prize.
The Youth reforms, resolves to find—
(His Health restor'd) true peace of mind.
He seeks the Court, the Camp, the Plain,
To fly from CARE, but all in Vain.—
This World is like a troubled Sea:—
No State of Life from Sorrow's free.——



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8 DE 73
MUSEUM

A Description of the Antient Rustical Entertainments of ye first ROMANS.

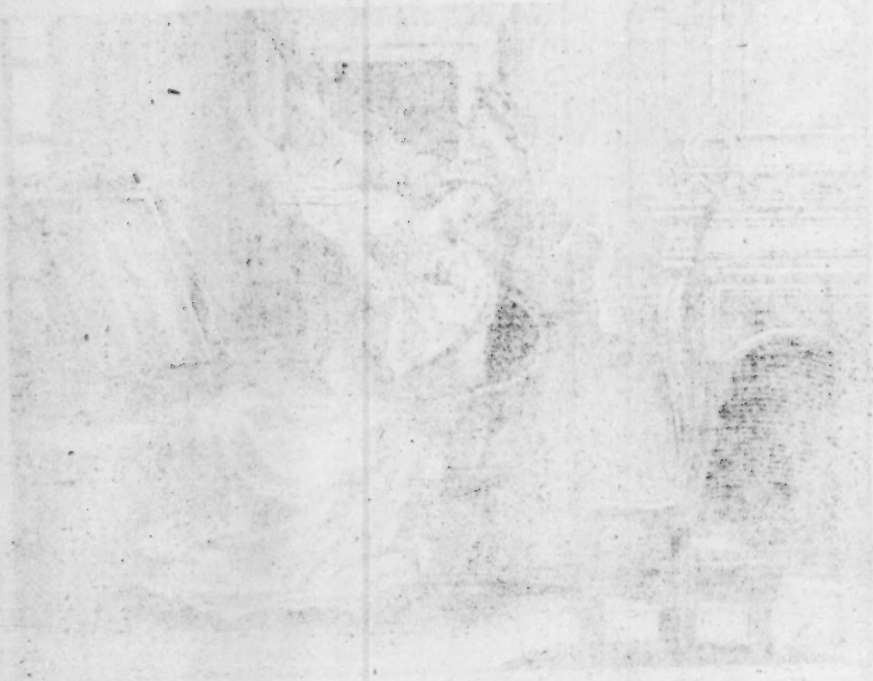
Our brawny Clowns of Old, who turnid ye Soil,
Content with little, and inurd to Toil, ——
At Harvest home, with Mirth & Country-Cheer,
Restord their Bodies for another Year; —
Refreshd their Spirits, & renewd their Hope,
Of such a future Feast, and future Crop. ——
Then, with their Fellow-Joggers of ye Ploughs,
Their little Children, & their faithful Spouse;
A Sow they slew to Vesta's Deity; ——
And kindly Milk, Silvanus, pourd to thee.
With Flowrs & Wine, their Genius they adord;
A short Life, and a merry, was the Word. —
From flowing Cups defaming Rhymes ensue,
And at each other homely Taunts they threw.

FABLE VIII.



The LADY, and the WASP.

As Cloe, with Affected Air,
Sat lolling in her Easy Chair,
An Amorous Wasp around her flew,
Perch'd on her Lip, and sipt the Dew.
She frowns, she frets. He makes Reply;
With Love I burn, I rage, I dye.
She Smiles, forgives: He Claps his Wings;
But Soon she finds that Wasps have Stings.
Ladies, that are with Coxcombs great,
Mourn their ill Conduct soon or late.



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8 DE73
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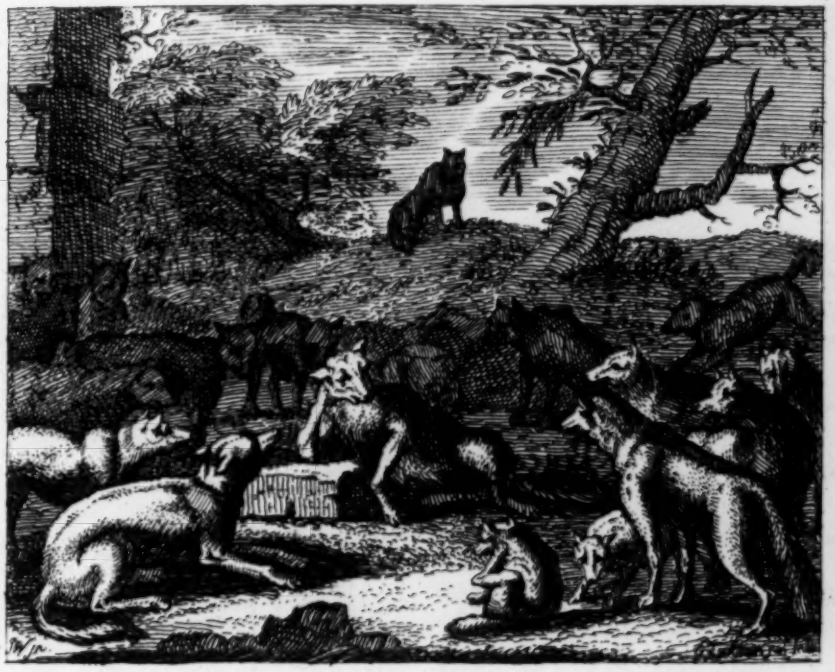
The CHARACTER of a Religious Lady.

She practis'd here so much, that when she sprung
Amidst the Choirs, at the first sight she Sung:
Sung, and was Sung herself in Angels Lays,
For praising her, they did her Maker praise.
All Offices of Heav'n so well she knew,
Before she came, that Nothing there was new;
And she was so familiarly receiv'd,
As One returning, not as One Arriv'd.

THE Character of a Beauty.

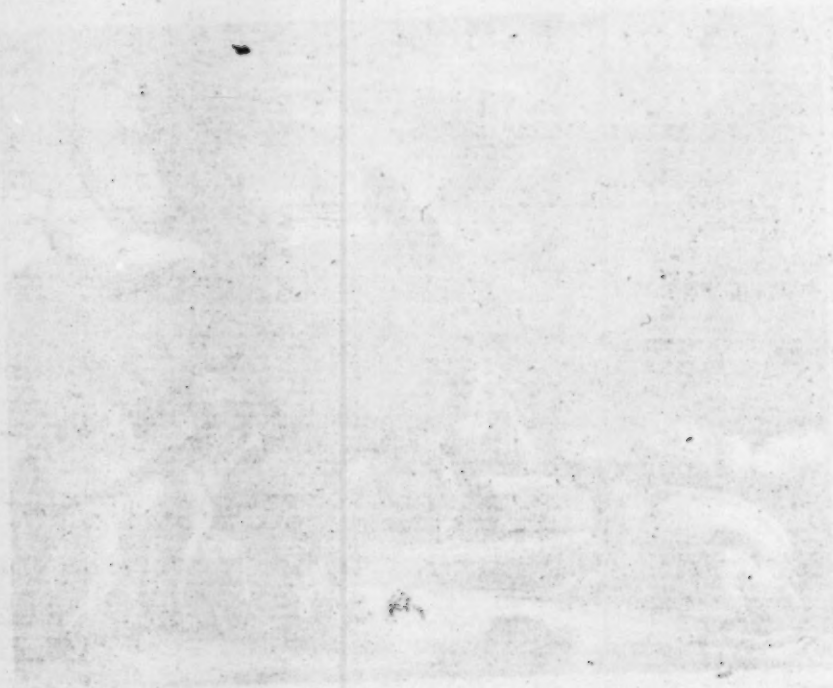
Her faultless form no secret Stains disgrace;
A beauteous Mind, unblemish'd as her Face:
Not painted, and Adorn'd, to Varnish Sin;
Without all Goodness, all Divine within.
By truth Maintaining what by Love she got;
A Heav'n without a Cloud, a Sun without a Spot.

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R. DE73
MUSEUM



The FOX at the POINT of DEATH.

A feeble Fox, with Age decay'd,
Thus, as he lay expiring, Say'd.
What would I give, my Sons, to find,
In my last moments, peace of mind?
Take my Advice: lost Fame restore;
Live honest, and Offend no more.
A Fox reply'd, you preach in Vain:
Nature repell'd, recoils again:
An innate vicious Tast we have,
Which we all carry to Our Grave.

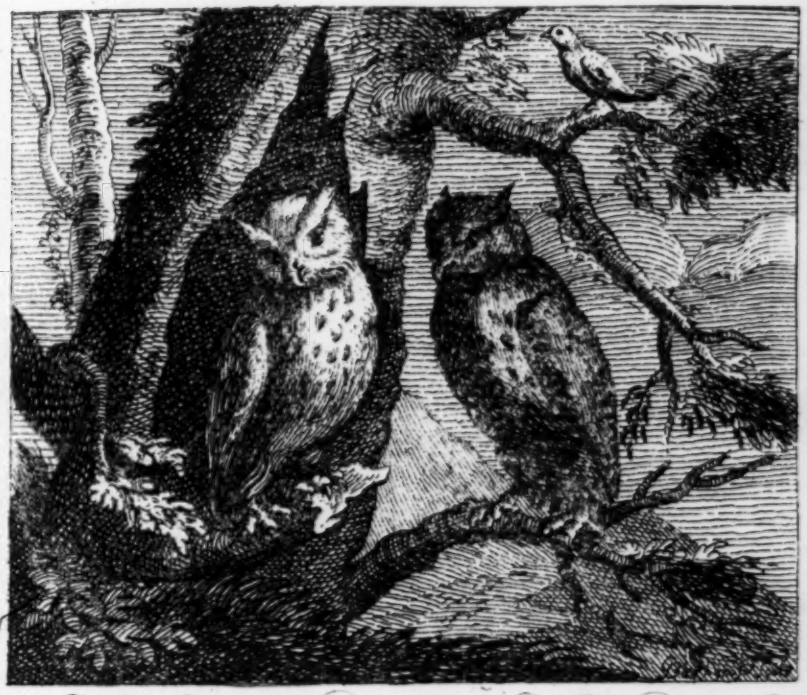


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8 DE 73
MUSEUM

Variety of Deaths

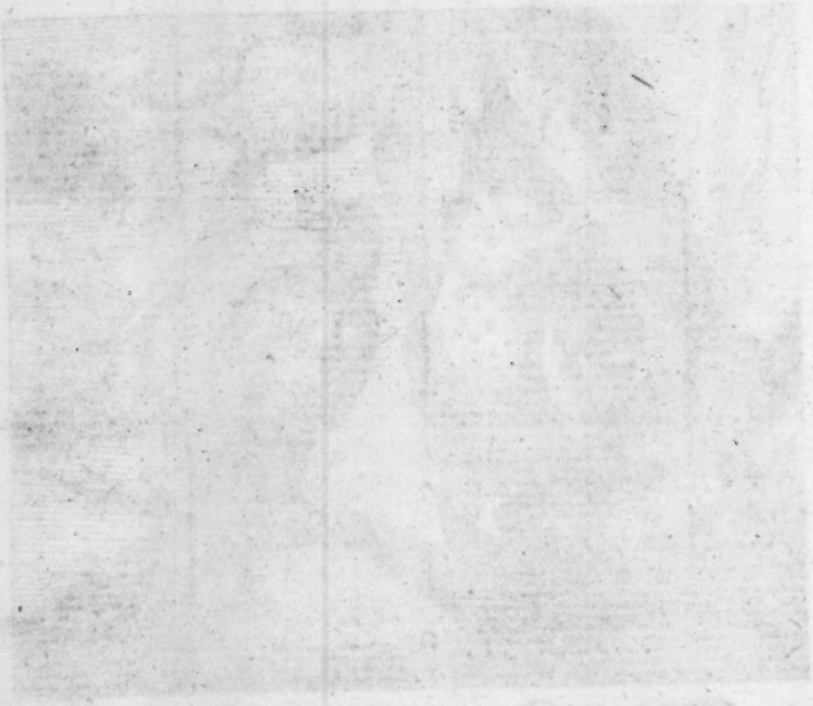
Extracted *from an* ODE of Mr. Prior's.

Some, from ỹ Stranded Veſſel, force their way;
Fearful of Fate, they meet it in the Sea:
Some, who eſcape the Fury of the Wave,
Sicken on Earth, and ſink into a Grave.
In Journeys, or at home; in War, or Peace;
By Hardſhips Many, Many fall by Eaſe.
Each changing Seaſon does its Poiſon bring;
Rheums chill ỹ Winter; Agues blaſt ỹ Spring:
Wet, Dry, Cold, Hot, at the appointed Hour,
All act ſubſervient to the Tyrant's Powr;
And when obedient Nature knows his Will,
A Fly, a Grape-ſtone, or a Hair can kill.
For reſtleſs Proſerpine for ever treads
In Paths unſeen, o'er our devoted Heads.
And on the ſpacious Land & liquid Main
Spreads ſlow Diſeaſe, or darts afflictive Pain:
Variety of Deaths confirms her endleſs Reign.



The Two Owls, & the Sparrow.

Two formal Owls, with pride elate,
Thus, in deep Sighs, bemoan'd their Fate.
How vicious is our Modern Taste!
Owls were rever'd in Ages past.—
Rightly Observ'd.—But now no Bird
Is more contemn'd, or less preferr'd.
Hard by, a pert, Young Sparrow sat,
And thus broke in upon their Chat.
Be Humbler, Sirs.—Fools are, we find,
To their own Imperfections blind.



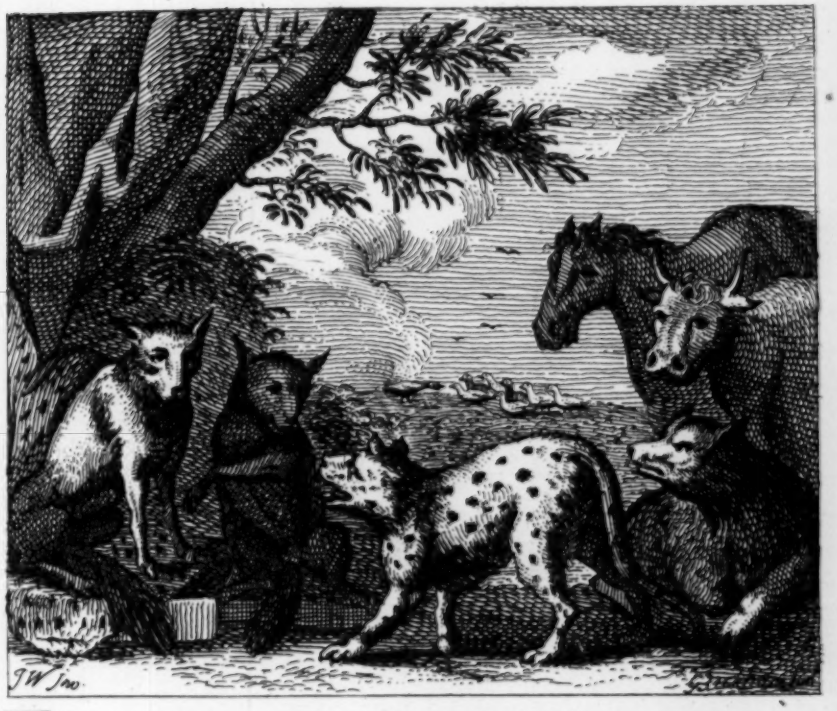
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8 DE 73
MUSEUM

A SIMILE.

By Mr. Prior.

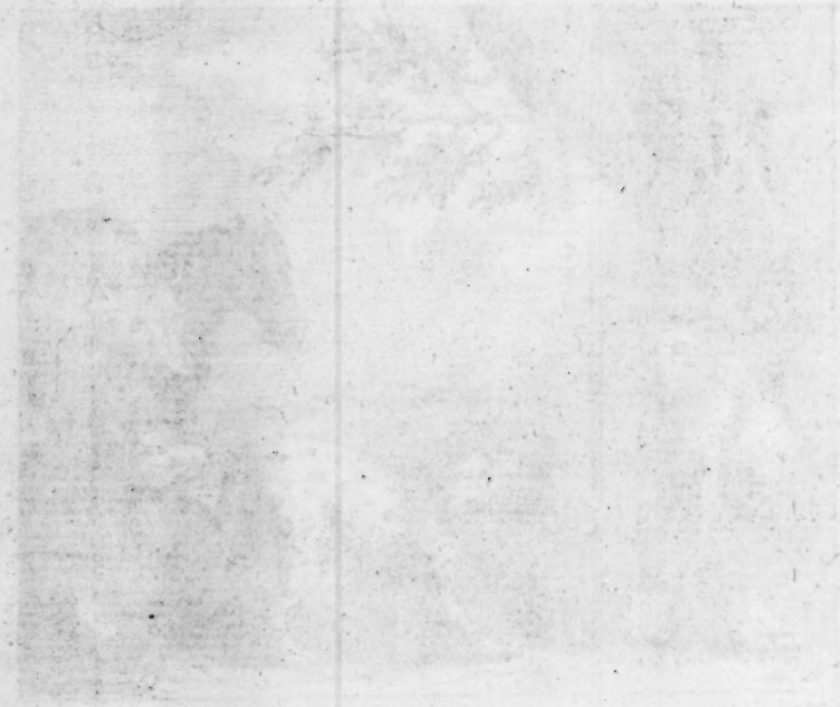
Dear Thomas, didst thou never pop
Thy Head into a Tinman's Shop;
There, Thomas, didst thou never see
(Tis but by way of Simile)
A Squirrel spend his little Rage,
In jumping round a rolling Cage?
The Cage, as either side turn'd up,
Striking a Ring of Bells a-top?
Mov'd in the Orb, pleas'd with ỹ Chimes.
The foolish Creature thinks he climbs:
But here or there, turn Wood or Wire,
He never gets two Inches higher.
So fares it with those merry Blades,
That frisk it under Pindus' Shades;
In noble Songs, and lofty Odes,
They tread on Stars, and talk with Gods:
Still Dancing in an airy Round,
Still pleas'd with their own Verses sound;
Brought back, how fast so e'er they go;
Always aspiring, always low.

FABLE XI.



The LYON, the FOX, & the GEESE.

A Lyon, Sick of Pomp, made known
His Royal Will to quit the Throne.
A Council's call'd: Debates arise:—
At last, a Fox his place Supplies.—
All promise future Halcyon days;
And Trophies to his Merit raise.—
A Goose, who at some distance stood,
Thus whisper'd to the list'ning Brood.
When Flattery her Art displays,—
The Wise are jealous of her Praise.—



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8 DE73
MUSEUM

A Description
OF THE
MORNING.

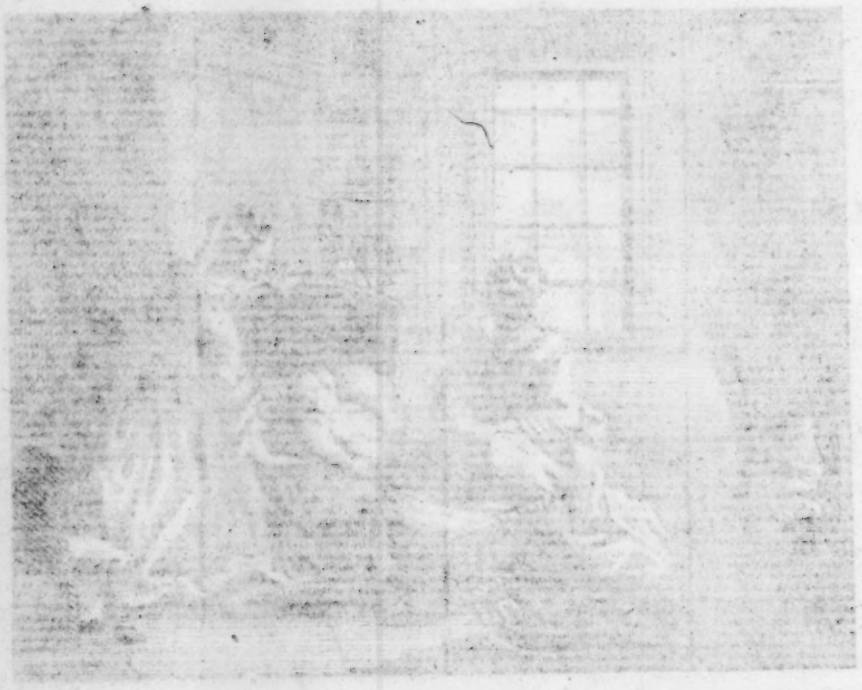
Now hardly here & there an Hackney-Coach
Appearing, show'd y^e^ ruddy Morn's approach.
Now Betty from her Master's bed had flown,
And softly stole to discompose her own.
The slipshod Prentice from his Master's door
Had par'd the dirt, & sprinkled round the floor.
Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dextrous airs,
Prepar'd to scrub the Entry and the Stairs.
The Youth with broomy stumps began to trace
The Kennel-edge, where wheels had worn ye place.
The Small-coal-Man was heard with cadence deep,
Till drown'd in shriller notes of Chimney-Sweep.
Duns at his Lordship's gate began to meet,
And brick-dust Moll had scream'd thro' half y^e^ Street.
The Turnkey now his Flock returning sees,
Duely let out a nights to Steal for Fees.
The watchful Bailiffs take their silent stands,
And School-Boys lag with Satchels in their hands.

FABLE XII.



The MOTHER, the NURSE & the FAIRY.

With weeping Eyes a Nurse Survey'd
Her Infant-Charge, and trembling, Say'd.
A Fairy has my Baby Stole,
And left behind a perfect Fool.
Bless my Dear Boy! the Mother cryes,
The Wench is Mad, has lost her Eyes.
Perch'd on the Cradle's top, a Sprite
Spoke frowning, visible to sight.
Nurse, You your partial fondness shew
Fairys are Doatards all, like You.



BRITISH
8 DE 73
MUSEUM

CUPID Miſtaken.

As after Noon one Summer's Day,
Venus ſtood bathing in a River:
Cupid a-ſhooting went that way,
New ſtrung his Bow, new fill'd his Quiver.

With Skill he choſe his ſharpeſt Dart;
With all his Might his Bow he drew:
Aim'd at his beauteous Parent's Heart:
With certain Speed the Arrow flew.

I faint, I die, the Goddeſs cry'd:
O cruel, could'ſt thou find none other
To wrack thy Spleen on? Parricide!
Like Nero, thou haſt ſlain thy Mother.

Poor Cupid ſobbing ſcarce could ſpeak:
Indeed, Mamma, I did not know ye:
Alas! how eaſie my Miſtake?
I took you for your Likeneſs, Chloe.

BRITISH
B. DEPT.
MUSEUM

TABLE XIII.

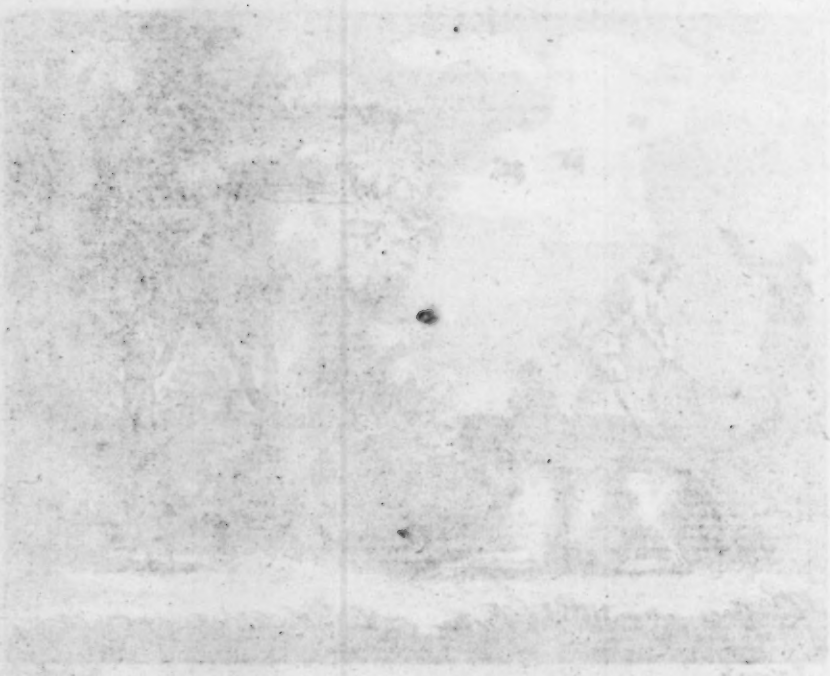


J. Wootton Del. Bickham Jr. Sc.

The SETTING DOG, & the PARTRIDGE.

A Fowler's DOG, *with curious Eye,*
Looks round, & points the Covey nigh.
His treacherous Arts a Partridge spies,
And timely warns the Flock to rise:
They Mount, with murmurs fill y^e skies.
Why should the DOG *pursue us so?*
Be such a Sly, ungenerous Foe?
But Servants, prone to ill, betimes
Mimick with pride their Master's crimes.

Finis.



BRITISH
8 DE 73
MUSEUM

Round-hand-Alphabets.

Aaabbccddeeffgggghhhijjkkllmm

nnoopppqqrrssſsttuvvwwxxyyyzz.

AABCDEFGHIJKLM

NOPQRSTUVWXYZ.

Italian Alphabets.

Aaabbmccmddmceffmggmhhmyikkllm

nnoompppqqrrmſsttmuvmvmwmwmxyyz.

AABCDEFGHIJKLM

NOPQRSTUVWXYZ.

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Sentences in Round-hand.

Pursue useful and profitable Studies.

Retirement is the truest enjoyment.

Esteem him who teacheth you Wisdom.

Faithful are the Words of a Friend.

Sentences in Italian.

Diversions if innocent are laudable. &c.

Humility is the foundation of all Virtue.

Musick and Painting polish the Mind

Only by Pride cometh Contention. &c.

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German Text.

Aabcdeffghijkllm
nopqrzſsttuvwxyyz.

AABCDEFGHI
JKLMNOPQ
RSTUWXYZ.

Only Virtue attaineth
to everlasting Bleſſedneſs.

BRITISH
LE 73
MUSEUM

Old English Print.

Aabcdefghijklmnopqrſstuvwxyz.

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOP
QRSTUVWXYZ.

Roman Print.

Aabcdefghijklmnopqrſstuvwxyz

ABCDEFGHIKLMN
OPQRSTUVWXYZ.

Italick Print.

Aabcdefghijklmnopqrſstuvwxyz.

ABCDEFGHIKLMNO
PQRSTUVWXYZ.

FINIS.